

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, March 28,.....1812.

[NO. 23.

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF  
BELGRADE.

'On my return to my hotel I perceived the nature of my dispatches would admit of no delay. The sultan, anxious to afford a new proof of the estimation in which he held the services I had performed my country, in addition to the appointment of aga of the spahis, had mentioned an early day to invest me in the seraglio with the imperial order of the crescent. It was painful to be thus early separated from one I loved so tenderly. The early companion of my youth, my beloved Morgiana had been restored to me—I saw her wedded to him I esteemed above all mankind; and I could have consumed days in the society of my best loved friends: I was resolved, however, to rejoin them at no distant period. I was sufficiently affluent; and I began to regard the honors which awaited me at Constantinople as adequate to the quiet of every vain desire. Ah! better had it been could I have resolved to share the peace-

ful happiness which presented itself at Vienna; but infected by the poison of ambition I was permitted to see my error only when too late!

'My reception by my sovereign corresponded with the avowal already manifested in my dispatch, and the wealth and honors heaped upon me exceeded all anticipation. Elevated to the highest dignity, and promoted to the rank of second in command of the Turkish army, I fancied myself only not imperial because I was a subject. My country, freed from the recent alarm of foreign war, and no apprehensions of civil broils, I was preparing to quit the bustling scenes which agitate the soldier and the statesman; and laying aside for awhile the splendor of my station, I was in the fullest expectation of enjoying uninterruptedly an happy intercourse with those I loved. Scarcely were my plans digested and prepared to exchange the toils of business for the promised tranquillity in view: when a letter reached me from my sister which was to derange all and to dash the cup of happiness from my gripe. A female attendant, incited by some dark and demoniac artifice, had

ingeniously practised upon the suspicious disposition of Rosalvo. She had witnessed the transports of a long lost sister, the fond caresses of an affectionate brother—she might not, indeed, have partaken of the conversation which led to the discovery we had made but seizing instant possession of the ambiguous embrace, sought no further elucidation, and giving a criminal coloring to unsuspecting innocence, cruelly denounced me as the destroyer of his happiness. O monstrous conception!—the seducer of his wife! So artfully had the Abigail insinuated her suspicions—so keenly had she practised upon the jealous appetite of Rosalvo, that, fired with the certain pollution of his bed, in the first transport of his passion, he burst into the apartment of his wife and child, and, with the fatal instrument of his vengeance, first put a period to what he imagined the fruit of an adulterous commerce; and the steel yet reeking with the blood of his infant son, was plunged into the bosom of its frenzied mother!

‘Her letter apprized me she yet lived: but that the agonies of her mind for the inhuman butchery of her child, and the fatal direction of her own wound, were hurrying her rapidly to the grave. Alive to the cruel imputations which might tarnish her name, when no longer in her power to vindicate her honor, she intreated my immediate presence to stay the foul tongue of calumny: and that she might

once more clasp me in her arms before she bade adieu to a world whose unremitted severity she had long withstood, to fall a more matured sacrifice to overwhelming calamity. I had already obtained the imperial sanction for my absence, and without acquainting any one of my route I hastened to her assistance.

‘What was my consternation when I reached Vienna! Rosalvo had vanished. No one had heard of the catastrophe which had happened: everyone in amazement at the sudden departure of his family! Again I perused the letter of my sister: it was her own hand writing, and bore but too ample marks of authenticity. But the intelligence I received from my successor in office confirmed me in the belief of all my doubts. That morning of my departure Rosalvo sought me at his hotel: his tongue faltered as he pronounced my name: the agitation of his frame, the wild incoherence of his deportment, and the convulsive inquietude so visible on his countenance, alarmed the ambassador. He entreated the cause of his confusion and begged him to be explicit: but he could ascertain nothing from the strange conduct of Rosalvo, whose last words at parting were imprecations against my damned villany. For awhile I knew not what course to pursue—was my sister dead or was she still languishing in painful solicitude for my arrival? all was mystery

and cruel suspense. I knew not whither to turn to discover her abode. No one possessed the information I sought. Methought I beheld Morgiana in the last agonies of despair, without friend to succor or to soothe her pangs, wasting life away—now pitying the restless destiny of her infant babe, herself unpitied, now calling despondingly upon her absent brother to take a last farewell! The distressing image drove me near to madness; but, alas! I knew not what to do. Days were consumed in fruitless inquiries. I could never account for the sudden disappearance of her assassin, the secrecy with which he penetrated the murder, or the measures he adopted so perfectly to conceal the victims of his brutality. From every circumstance I could collect, there remained no doubt of guilt, and I became used to the belief of the unhappy end of my sister; but never, no, never to pardon the deliberate villany of her murderer. I concluded to hunt him through the world; and placing an oath in heaven, I swore to redeem it only by his blood. For years I was occupied in the pursuit from court to court; but after travelling all Europe I was at length obliged to return without tracing him to his haunt.

‘Such,’ continued Alfonso, ‘was the outline of the history of Kyop-rili. If there be a motive to reconcile me to my own destiny the singular incidents of his have been

contributive. Born to affluence he was not:—family distinction, nor hereditary honors were among the appendages of his patrimony. Behold a peasant boy, sacrificed to an unhallowed custom and sold a slave; rise up from merit and native genius to the first station in a foreign land! There were undoubtedly some affinity in the early incidents of his life and mine; and I began to encourage the dazzling hope which awaited me; but such a prospect was promoted by the idle vanity of a child: true they were calculated to absorb my grief; but as I advanced in years darker shades of mystery hung around my birth, to run me headlong into scenes of anomalous fortune.

‘The event of this day, Bernard, has made a strong impression—I cannot banish from my sight the physiognomy of the unknown.—What he is, whence he comes, or wherefore the purport of his ambiguous commission, is past my apprehension. To personal fear am I a stranger: the peculiar agitation of my spirits, however create a ferment in my mind; but it is less from any hope of resolving perplexities, or proving instrumental to the discovery of what I am, than from the teasing remembrance of a voice still vibrating in my ear to fret and torture me with appalling dread.

‘Memory is too imperfect to direct my curiosity. That I have seen the mysterious stranger is be-



yond all controversy ; but **when** or where is past the compass of my recollection. That he knew me is equally true ; and the agitation of my spirits assuredly forebode some event for which I am not prepared. But what have I to dread ? I can trace every past transaction of my life—pry into the inmost recesses of my soul : no turpitude, no stain of ignominy, no vicious propensity is there to blur the character I hold. I may have been less active than many in the beneficent virtues because I was less wealthy ; but where I have not diffused happiness to my fellow creatures I feel an inward satisfaction in the knowledge of being chargeable with the misfortune of none. Listen then to the conclusion of my story ; and I hasten to perform the injunctions of the magician.'—

The parental affection of Kyop-rili continued undiminished : next to the duties attached to the office he held, his delight was training me in the knowledge of arms, and to instruct me in the rudiments of general science. Already have I intimated the extensive knowledge he possessed. I was taught the Spanish the French, the Italian and the English languages. His mind was the seat of learning itself :—stored with a rich profusion of general acquirements he had the happy art of imparting it to the apprehensions of his pupil. I have no cause to regret a formal course of academical studies : he approved himself a laborious tutor in the

rudiments of knowledge, and the refined instructor of enlarged capacity : what progress I have made I owe to him ; what deficiency I discover is attributable to my own folly and neglect.

(*To be Continued.*)

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#### SELECTED.

##### *For the MERIT REWARDED.*

Catherina Alexowna, born near Derpat a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance, than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catherina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion ; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind ; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion.—Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of

though, not only with a strong, but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments, procured her several solicitations in marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused: for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catherina was fifteen when her mother died: she now therefore left her cottage and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of a governess to his children: at once reconciling in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the same masters who attended the rest of his family; thus she continued to improve till he died, by which accident, she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war; and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor: wherefore Catherina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienberg, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot: she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodgings for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, came to her assistance: upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catherina: the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her cloathes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses: her generous countryman, therefore parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her

letters of recommendation to Mrs. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant at Marienburg.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprize, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were to be married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege

went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers, at that time, was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault, and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length when the carnage was pretty well over, Catherina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free. she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and tho' misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect, which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catherina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty.—The



mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Levenian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her thro' the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers: that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catherina from the low mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owned a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities, which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary Prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her

turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, introduced an order of female knight-hood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret; regretted by all.

#### ON WAR.

WAR the copious source of many destructive evils, how eulogized by the unthinking, how sought by the inexperienced. The warrior's fame lives and is recorded on marble, while the memory of the philosopher, who studies peace and the improvement of the useful arts and sciences, is seldom recollected. The life of a warrior is one of blood and rapine; his promotion or reward is proclaimed together with the motive of his sovereigns munificence, the killing of ten thousand people: and his menial soldiers are recompensed for their bravery by the sacking of a city and the plunder of its inhabitants. In time of war the laws of the land are as dead letters and justice sleepeth to murder the unarmed inhabitant, to defile the marriage bed, to prostitute the virtuous virgin, and amongst the privileges of the meanest soldiers: to direct the indiscriminate massacre of citizens: of the old and infirm, the young and the infant, the male and the female, the virtuous and the vicious, is reserved

for the chief commander, who reports his deeds of heroism written in the blood of innocence, and claims the reward of villany: yet strange, there are those, alas too many, who learn the art of war only to obtain glory among the din of arms, distinction by a star or a ribband, or immortality by a monument.—Oh false glory, paltry reward, and unmerited distinction.

—Oh soldier! were your object known, your progress fairly traced, were the names of the murdered, of the widows and orphans, who owe their deaths or misfortunes to your prowess and ambition, to be written on your tomb, what stone would contain it, who of your children would view the historic pile, or boast their decent—not one. In the impious ambition of potentates and the wily ingenuity of their panders has originated the custom of transferring immortality from the benefactors of the destroyers of mankind, but, thanks to Heaven, the days of hereditary sovereignty are passing away, & giving place to that happy suffusion of knowledge & practice of philanthropy arising from the influence of the press and the extension of letters.—Men no longer admire or revere the projectors of what cannot tend to the benefit of a whole nation, and behold bravery but as a crime when aiming at individual power or directed against universal right; in defence of this latter alone is war justifiable.—Cæsar was brave, and so was Suwarrow, but 'Cæsar was an ambitious man' and Suwarrow

delighted in blood. Cincinnatus was also brave, and so was WASHINGTON, but those patriot soldiers, fond of peace, liberty and country, fought on the side of justice, and, having conquered and expelled the invaders of their country, they retired, not to claim hereditary honors, but to cultivate the soil in the midst of their fellow citizens.

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*From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.*

If your children you'd command  
Parents, keep a steady hand.

OUR parson used to say, 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd,' and therefore every little fellow of us, rag-tag and bobtail, used to be obliged to say our catechism every Saturday afternoon. And methinks I can trace the influence of the serious lessons in the conduct and opinions of every man who was brought up under the venerable pastor. The government, as well as education of children, is a matter of the most momentous concern. Mrs. Hasty is as good a dispositioned woman as you will find in an hundred, but she 'don't keep a steady hand' with her children. Tommy said she let that clock case alone. Tommy turned round, whistled for half a minute, and went to work at the clock again.—Tommy, said she angrily, if you don't let that clock alone I certainly will whip you. I never did see such a boy, said the mother he don't mind a word I say.



She continued her knitting while Tom continued at the clock case till over it tumbled, and dashed the clock and case to pieces. The mother up with the tongs and knocked poor Tom sprawling among the ruins. Tom roared like Bedlam, and the kind woman took him up in her lap—was sorry she had hurt him, but then he should learn to mind his mother, and giving him a piece of cake to stop his crying, picked up the ruins of the clock. What was the consequence? Why, Tom, who with “a steady hand” to govern him, would have become a man of worth, turned out a hasty, ill-natured villain.

My neighbour Soffly, good woman, don't whip her poor dear little children, however bad they may conduct, for they cry so loud, and so long, she is afraid they will go into fits. Yet she keeps a rod hanging up over the mantle-piece, threatening them every hour in the day.

Old Captain Testy swore his children should be well governed. So he laid by a good hickory, and for every trifling offence, thrashed his children till they were beaten into hardihood and shamelessness. When they appeared on the theatre of life, they were only fit for robbery and the whipping-post.

How different was the government of my old friend Aimwell, & his wife. If one corrected a child—the other never interfered. When the first ray of knowledge began

to dawn in their infant minds, they commenced a steady course of proceeding.

They never directed what was improper to be done—or misunderstood—but so long as the child resisted through *temper* they continued to punish until the temper yielded. A second whipping was rarely necessary. A steady hand—a mild but firm manner of issuing their commands, were always sure to produce obedience. It was an invariable rule with them when they were in a passion, never to punish their children. Never to promise the minutest thing to them without performing. And yet their children loved them most tenderly—wanton and played their little gambols around them with the utmost freedom. Yet at any time a look would awe them into silence, and a word was sure to be followed by the strictest obedience. If it was convenient they came to the table; if not—without a murmur they waited. They grew up patterns of filial obedience and affection, and added to society the most correct, useful, and respectable members.

Listen to old Robert: Never strike a child while you are in anger. Never interfere with your husband or wife in the correction of a child in its presence.—The parents must be united, or there is an end to government. Never make light promises to children of rewards or punishments; but scrupulously fulfil what you do promise.

Begin early with your children. Break their temper if it is high while young; it may cost you and them a pang, but it will save you both fifty afterwards; and then be steady in your government.— Use the rod sparingly—it is better and easier to command from their love and respect than by fear.— Keep these rules, and my word for it, your children will be a happiness to you while young, & an honor to you when they grow up.

A Solution of the Enigmatical list  
of Young ladies residing in  
Newark (N. J.)

1 Miss Cain,—Bruin, 2 Boudinot, 3 Colt, 4 Clark, 5 Ogden, 6 Mercer, 7 Holden, 8 Wallace, 9 Sayre, 10 Woodruff, 11 Cumming.

If you prefix two fifths of the Island where Apollo was born; to two sevenths of an Egyptian Divinity and two fifths of the celebrated Hunter, son of Jupiter & Antiope, you will have the name of the person who has found out the above enigmatical list of the names of young ladies residing in Newark.

SUBSCRIBER.

SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

THE MONITOR.

*\*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.\**

Amidst the thunderings on mount Sinai, the sound of the trumpet and the voice of words, the Almighty was pleased to proclaim. "Thou shalt not take the

name of the Lord thy God in vain," as a part of that comprehensive system by which all flesh is condemned, and the whole world becomes guilty before God. Profane cursing and swearing that most abominable, provoking and at the same time most useless sin has now become as common that in all places of public resort our ears are assailed by such impious oaths and blasphemies as would confound a heathen. I call this sin useless, not however that I deem any sin useful to the least degree, but there is no chance of setting up an excuse for this sin, as there is for some others. For instance should a person commit murder, he might possibly say that he was provoked beyond sufferance.— Should he commit adultery, he might plead the temptation and the violence of his passions. Should he steal, he might plead poverty. But no such excuse can be made in defence of profane swearing, for the swearer cannot plead the least temptation, nor can he pretend to any satisfaction from the commission of this hateful crime. There is one kind of profanity little thought of by many evil sort of people, who would start at the idea of taking God's name in vain. This is by quoting his word in a light, trifling manner, without the least serious thought, or considering that 'tis the word of him who spake from Heaven, and who will not pass by in silence the profanation of his holy name. While it remains a truth that "all scripture is given by in-

spiration of God,' it certainly will be sinful, and no less a breach of the commandment, to make use of scripture expressions in a thoughtless manner, than openly to blaspheme Gods Loly name.

Gods name is sometimes blasphemed in his works. Every thing he does is beautiful in its season, nor can we innocently scoff at the ways of providence, or fret when our own foolish designs are thwarted. The pious Dr. Beattie beautifully exposes this last kind of conduct in the following lines.

\* One part, one little part we dimly scan,  
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,

If but that little part incongruous seem.  
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;

Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise:  
O then renounce that impious self-esteem

That aims to trace the secrets of the skies,

For thou art but of dust—be humble & be wise.'

*Extract from the proceedings of the Juvenile Sons of Erin, on the anniversary of Saint Patrick, March 17th 1812.*

On Tuesday the 17th inst. the JUVENILE SONS OF ERIN met according to previous arrangement, at the commercial Building, where they partook of an elegant supper, appropriately served up by Mr. Samuel Martin.

The cloth being removed, they were agreeably entertained by an enthusiastic display of Mr. Moffat's abilities, who introduced a highly finished solo on the Clarinet, in which were included the following Irish airs; St. Patrick's day, Coolin, Cean dubh Delish, Edmund of

the Hills, Ellen a Roón, Tell me dear Eveline.

Mr Carden played several planxy's on the Pipes and many Irish jigs very humorously on the flute in imitation of the Pipes.

'The soul of song' was awakened, and scarce one of the company failed to contribute to the general hilarity.

On no occasion in this city, have the sons of Erin so generally manifested a disposition to celebrate in characteristic style the anniversary of that day on which Irishman soothe their cares and drown their Shamrocks.

1. *The 17th March*—The 1318th anniversary, no human institution has ever been so often, or so generally celebrated—may the present day form some part of the last year of Irish thralldom. *Original song, tune 'Patrick's day.'*

2. *The fair sex*—may their influence be always directed rightly, and may no advocate of oppression have the load of his conscience lightened by their love. *Song 'O love is the soul of a neat Irishman.'*

3. *The land of our nativity.*  
'Farewell to the land, where in childhood I wonder'd,  
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;  
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,  
And fame has no wreath for the brow of the slave.'

4. *The land we live in*—her children 'willed it' and are free—may they never experience ingratitude from those Irishmen whom they have liberally invited to share their blessing.

#### FREEDOM STAR.

*New words by JOHN M. CREERY.*  
When rolling orbs from chaos sprung,  
A guide for the oppress'd;  
One sparkling star kink nature flung  
And fix'd it in the west;  
Admiring millions view its flight,  
And hail it from afar;



Enraptur'd, bless its cheering flight,  
They call it FREEDOM'S STAR.

Beneath its influence, deserts wild  
Are deck'd in Eden's bloom,  
It makes the wintry tempest mild,  
Deep forests cease to gloom;  
And man erect, with eye of fire  
Th' oppressor's threats can dare,  
May to man's dignity aspire  
And bless his FREEDOM'S STAR.

It can a brighter mantling glow  
O'er blushing beauty shed,  
A smile of heavenly radiance throw  
A halo round her head;  
The warrior rouse thro' tented field  
To drive the rapid car,  
Whilst tyrants pale and trembling yield  
To FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.

Then sweep, ye Bards, the sounding lyre  
In animating strain;  
Sages consume with pens of fire  
The fell oppressor's chain;  
Then to the field ye brave, and free,  
Nor dread the storm of war;  
Your guide to victory shall be  
Dear FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.

[\* The Music to the above Song we intend to give in our next Number.]

7. *The memory of Washington*—'Sons of Alpine, bring the harp! give' Washington's 'praise to the wind; raise high his praise in my hall.'—*Music*. 'Hail Columbia'

8. *Jefferson*—the friend of the Emigrant—'and shall we refuse the unhappy fugitives from distress, that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land? shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe.'—*Song* 'Green were the fields were my forefathers dwell oh!'

9. *Miss Brooks, Walker, Bunting and Valancey*, Antiquarians and scholars, who seeking the history of our country among the ruins of her records would yet teach us what she was.—*Song* 'my thought's delight to wonder.'

11. *John Murphy (of Belfast)*—We have received your 'Song' and your 'Shamrock'—thanks to the donor—'Son of Song' alas! the Shamrock thrives only as an exotic.—*Song* 'Erin farewell! o'er the wild ocean roaming.'

13. *Montgomery*—'Illustrious chief, tain, Erin claims the as her own'—may thine 'the only public monument in N. York remind Irishmen of their duty. *Music* 'Irish Volunteers.'

14. *The memory of Carolan*—'Sit thou on the heath, O bard! and let us hear thy voice, it is pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the hunters ear, when he wakes from dreams of joy.'

ORIGINAL SONG.

Tune—*Carolan's Receipt*.

[\* For the words of which see page 364 and 365 ]

16. *M'Creevy*—his national airs and songs remind us of the bardic ages—his patriotism, animates our enthusiasm in the cause of injured Ireland.—*Song* 'Dear Erin how sweetly thy green bosom rises'

From the numerous volunteer toasts, the following are selected.

*The Sons of Erin, of Caledonia*—may the blood of Fitzgerald and Emmet, and of Muir and Palmer, cement a perpetual union between them in the glorious cause for which these martyrs fell.

*Mary*—scarce yet in her teens, she feels & sings her country's wrongs with a spirit & a melody rising far above her years, and reaching the achme of true patriotism.—*Song* 'Oh! touch dear maid the trembling string.'

*Robert Emmet*—honored be his memory! unfaded may the laurel and cypress intermingle at his tomb. 'Often shall the last sigh of evening die away on the strings of my Harp as I sit by the narrow house complaining to the coming night.'

*Franklin*—'Eripuit cœla fulmen, scipitrumque tyrannus.' He snatched the thunder from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, March 28, 1812.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times

—♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦—  
We this day present our readers with the Music for 'Carolan's Receipt' new words by John M'Creery, as sung by the 'Juvenile Sons of Erin' at their celebration of St. Patrick's day.—The two songs (in the above proceedings) will be for sale (by Wednesday) at this office—with music for the Piano.

ERRATA—In our last number in the piece signed 'Rambler' page 345, for 'surer,' read 'since,' line 44 for 'till' read 'still.'—In line 76, for 'sight' read 'site.'—in page 346, in the Latin lines extracted from Horace, for 'undague' read undaque, for 'nivenient' read 'invenient.'—for 'guidem' read 'quidem' for 'Hov.' read 'Hor.'

We would advise Mr. Rambler to write his next—in Greek Characters and then we shall be better able to Translate it.

✍️ WANTED immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

+♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦+

**Married.**

On the 16th inst. at Sharon, Connecticut, by the rev. Mr. Gilbert, Samuel Flewwelling, Esq. Cashier of the Manhattan Bank of this city, to Julia, eldest daughter of J. Canfield, esq. of Sharon, C.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Beach, James S. Kip, esq. of Utica, to Mrs. Abigail Minier, daughter of the late Benjamin Stout, esq. of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. George Monell, of Newburgh, to Miss Margaret Nichol of this city.

On Saturday last, at St. John's Church, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Samuel R. Clarke, to Miss Harriet T. Ryckman.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. J. I. Coddington, to Miss Sarah Drake, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Drake, all of this city.

On Tuesday the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. Moses Barber, to Miss Emma Hastings, both of this city.

On Thursday the 19th inst. by the rev. Dr. Romeyn, William A. G. Thompson, esq. late of Georgia, to Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, eldest daughter of John Lawrence, esq. deceased.

On Thursday the 19th inst. by the rev. William Parkinson, Mr. Gideon D. C. March, to Miss Hetty Garrison, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. James R. Stuart, of the house of Stuart and Brannan, merchants, to Miss Mary D. Crawbuck, daughter of Mr. Peter Crawbuck, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Benjamin Bartlett, to Mrs. Abigail Taylor, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. Paoli Young, President of the Cabinet Makers Society, to the amiable Miss Eliza Baxter, all of this city.

On Wednesday last, by the rev. Dr. Phebus, Capt. Thomas Wright, of Sawpit to Miss Polly Seaman of this city, eldest daughter of widow Phebe Seaman.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, MR. WILLIAM E. DEAN, Printer, to Miss ELIZA HELM, all of this city.

At Hillingdon, England, on the 22d of Jan. last, John Delafield, jun. esq. son of John Delafield, esq. of this city, to Miss Mary, only daughter of John Roberts, esq. of Whitchurch, Bucks.

At Troy, Simon Van Dercok, to Miss Elizabeth Snyder; Levinus Winn, of Albany, to Miss Jane Gillaspie.

At Trenton, the rev. Elijah Slack, to Miss Sophia Leake; Garrison Maul, to Miss Phoebe Mulford; Samuel Pitman, to Miss Naomi Watson; Isaac Paterson, to Miss Phoebe Rulon.

At Hudson, Henry Ostrander, to Miss Mary Taylor.

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**Died.**

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. John Bonsall, aged 74 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Sunday evening the 15th inst. Mrs. Mary Rodgers, relict of the late rev. Dr. Rodgers, in the 88th year of her age.

Suddenly, on Friday evening, the 20th inst. Mrs. Jane Ogden, wife of Mr. Albert Ogden.

## CAROLAN'S RECEIPT.

IRISH AIR

NEW WORDS BY JOHN M'CREERY.



On bleak Ben - hed - den's frown - ing steep

All clad in green a fe - male form Ap -

peared as wak - . ing from a sleep, To

raise her head a - mid the storm; Like

one she seem'd of hope bereav'd, Loose wav'd her

stream - ing clou - dy hair, Her snow - y

bo - . som deep - ly heaved, Her fea - tures

wore the gloom of care: A half strung



harp be - - side her lay Which to the gale res -  
pon - - sive rung ; Bright flash'd her eye a  
fie . . . ry ray And thus green E - - rin's  
genius sung—

2

\* Ah ! who hath torn the blooming bays  
Which wav'd so graceful on thy brow ?  
The harp sung deeds of other days  
Ill fated Isle, where are they now ?—  
From yonder hills the brave descend,  
Barombe the daring phaloux guides,  
Loud cries of death the welkin rend  
As through the stately ranks he rides :  
The sons of Scandenavia came  
Fierce as their stormy, wintry waves ;  
They came for plunder, and for fame.  
In yon fam'd field,\* they found their  
graves.'

\* Clontarf.

3

Play'd o'er her face a smile of pride,  
A brighter fire shot from her eye,  
' Still hope, my sons, enwrap she cried  
For Erin's fame shall never die,  
Behold ! and hail yon patriot band †  
That firm the threats of tyrants braves !!  
Like Erin's rocks the heroes stand  
Which dash to foam th' assulting waves—  
Let Union, Union, be the word,  
Three on one stalk ‡ united strong,  
Draw, from the harp, the flaming sword  
And dare the world to do you wrong'

† Catholic Committee.

‡ The Shamrock, emblematic of the  
three prevailing religions of Ireland,  
which seem at present to be happily  
uniting.

The foregoing songs are the production of our countryman ; John M'Creery, of Petersburg Virginia, the first was sung by Mr. Riley, in a superior manner, the second was intended to be introduced by the same gentleman with Piano accompaniments—unfortunately the instrument got so injured in removing to the rooms, that it could not be used. Mr. Moffat in his usual style, supplied the deficiency with his Clarinet amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the company.



\* *Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### KATE AND HER SHELLS.

By a Gentleman, while visiting the sea shore on Staten-Island, with his little daughter.

As Kate was strolling on the strand,  
Her eyes with wonder did expand;  
To see the Beach bestrew'd with shells,  
More richly dress'd than city bells:  
This one a precious golden hue  
And that a shining azure blue,  
Here a pale straw or crimson bright,  
And there like snow a spotless white.  
Her absent sisters first to please,  
The little shining shells she'd seize:  
And when the numbers multiplied,  
With care the handkerchief she tied,  
And swell'd the little precious store  
Till it would scarcely hold one more.  
Till out of breath her task she plied,  
When laughing said—I'm satisfied.  
I'll hasten home my dear Papa,  
And shew my treasure to Mama:  
But stop! I cannot let this pass—  
Its surface is as smooth as glass,  
And O! Papa! sure you were born  
Did e're you see—so sweet a horn,  
Pray stop Papa: I must have this,  
How it will please my little siss,  
And Oh! good patience her's another  
I'll take *this* one for little brother.

And now my honest word is past,  
This pretty shell shall be the last!  
With pleasure then we turned our feet,  
To Baven's hospitable seat:  
But little Kate had got that itch  
Which often seizes on the rich,  
For though she scarce could grasp her  
store,  
She look'd, and sigh'd, and wish'd for  
more,

She would not break the vow she'd made  
But still by avarice betrayed,  
The smaller ones she would discharge  
And others take more bright and large;  
Untill her store a burden grow'd  
And she could scarce support her load,  
In this, I but a picture find—  
Of grown up children—half mankind:  
Who toil and drudge from day, to day,  
To gather heaps of shining clay:  
And when they gain their first desire,  
To some new point they still aspire:  
This pleasure or that shining grace  
This golden prize! that powerful place  
As they pursue, the phantom flies,  
New wants and wishes still arise.  
O'er burden'd, still they onward plod  
And worship gold; instead of God,  
They'd wish, perhaps, when tis too late,  
They'd gather'd shells with playful Kate.

*Staten-Island Sea-Beach.*

*July 23d, 1811.*

#### Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,  
*Neatly and correctly executed, on  
reasonable terms; and goods  
(of any kind) will be taken  
in part payment,—at the  
Office of the*

LADY'S MISCELLANY

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
SAMUEL B. WHITE,  
No. 317 Water-street, New-York  
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.